

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ENTER MR. MIDDLETON.

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

CHAPTER VII.—THE INVITATION TO THE MANOR HOUSE.

MR. CLACKITT received Mr. Middleton in no very friendly style. He knew that he was intimate at the Manor House. *He*, a poor curate, who lived in most humble lodgings, whom he had tried to patronise, though unsuccessfully! Then, too, he half suspected that he might be in in some way a hindrance to his family's making a good impression where he had so earnestly desired it. At any rate, this curate, poor as

he was, was a welcome friend, while he, with all his wealth, could scarcely get on speaking terms. The grapes and peaches, the pines and melons, the vegetables from their garden, and fish from their pond, had been sent in vain. No return was made, but "compliments, and much obliged."

With what might be called a black look, he returned Mr. Middleton's salutation. Whether that gentleman saw it or not, he was equally placid in his manner and easy in his conversation. "Mr. Clackitt, I want you to come to the board to-morrow; we have

a little business in hand respecting a poor fellow who, I hope, is in a way of mending his fortunes. I mean Watling Will."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Clackitt, in a majestic manner, "my services are always at the command of the people; I hope the little influence I possess is always cheerfully used for their good."

Mr. Middleton did not interfere with this statement, but made a few general remarks to the ladies, and was rising to go, when he said, "Oh! I forgot; I was charged with a message to you from Mrs. Waltham. She hopes that you and the ladies will do her the favour of dining with her on Friday next, at six o'clock. You will excuse a short notice, and an invitation without formality. She is expecting her son, General Waltham, and some friends of his, and will be happy if you will join their family party."

Did my reader ever notice the gradual brightening of the landscape when the sun breaks gently out after a gloomy, storm-like morning? If so, he has an apt idea of the change that passed over Mr. Clackitt's face as Mr. Middleton's words fell on his ear. By the time he had finished, a smile of intense gratification played on it. He had some difficulty at first in finding appropriate words in which to convey his acceptance of the invitation; he wanted to appear calm and easy, but his delight was too much for him: it shone in his eyes, trembled in his voice, and betrayed itself in every look, word, and movement.

"Most happy—truly happy—very glad indeed," came out confusedly, and with a troubled articulation.

Mr. Middleton did not notice it, however, for he turned at once to Mrs. Clackitt, and hoped she had no engagement for that day.

"Well, Mr. Middleton, to tell the truth," said the good lady, "we are expecting—"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Clackitt," said her husband, almost suffocated with vexation, "we are expecting nobody—we are not at all engaged."

Mrs. Clackitt gave him a stare of honest astonishment, and was about to enter on the defence of her statement, when her husband said, in a peremptory tone, which she understood to mean, be silent, "that engagement is for Friday week!" Then, with a most urbane expression and voice, he turned to Mr. Middleton, and wished to know why he was always in such a hurry, and begged him to sit down; but that gentleman remarked that "though he was in no particular hurry, he preferred not sitting again;" upon which Mr. Clackitt, taking his button-hole with an affectionate familiarity, said, "Not a large party, I suppose!"

"Oh, no, none but yourselves, and friends in the house."

"Will General Waltham bring many with him?"

"I don't know, but I think not. Sir Thomas McRocket and his lady and daughter come with him, and, I think, Colonel Defford, but I am not sure of him—there may be others, for there has been a gathering of friends who are leaving for India, and some wish to see Mrs. Waltham before sailing; several intend coming."

"Oh, indeed, how very interesting. I dare say they are all very fond of her, a most charming woman from all accounts; and Sir Thomas, is he a pleasant man?"

"I don't know him, but let us hope so, as we are to spend Friday in his company."

"Oh, then you are going?"

"Yes, I have promised to do so, if I can keep clear of nervous headache, which has sadly plagued me lately."

"Do you suffer from headache? Now, my dear sir, let me beg you to take care of yourself, you are too fond of your study; you sit too much—you—"

Mr. Middleton gently delivered his button-hole from Mr. Clackitt's finger, assured him he took proper care of himself, and that he was going to take a long walk at that very time, and if he did not begin it he should be too late for dinner; and, with his usual nod and smile from Mrs. Clackitt, departed.

"Now, Thomas," began that good lady when the door closed, "I hope you are satisfied."

"It is gratifying, indeed," said her husband, "to find oneself mistaken where one has formed a bad opinion. I confess I am sorry I misjudged the Walthams. How could you, Mary, be so absurd as to hint at another engagement? And such an engagement!"

"Well, I've asked Flummerverses twice, and they've been put off; and to my thinking, it's not the right thing to do."

"Flummerverses, indeed! a likely thing I was going to give up a dinner-party at the Manor House to entertain them. I've no doubt I shall hear a great deal about the war. I've no doubt Sir Thomas McRocket is a general officer. How delightful it will be!"

After his long day of obscurity, to come out suddenly into such a blaze of good society was almost too much for Mr. Clackitt. He lounged in his chair with his eyes shut, running over in his mind the various effects that would necessarily follow this happy incident; then, looking up, he surveyed the room, took a sort of bird's-eye view of the house and establishment. He thought all was satisfactory; but a misgiving came across him as his wife's comfortable, homely figure struck his view; neither was he altogether satisfied with his sister—though he could not exactly say why. Rosabella, he had confidence in: she could talk about many things of which he did not know the names; he had seen her carry things with a high hand before the Flummerverses, and the ladies of Inglebrook; she was never shy; he built upon her. As to Priscilla Mary, he never could tell what she was, or what she was not, for she seldom spoke; but she had a thousand winning ways of showing kindness to him, and to all. "I wish poor Priss had a little more pride," he said to himself as his reverie closed.

"Pa," said Rosabella, "mus'n't we have new dresses?"

"Certainly—have whatever you want, by all means."

"Yes, Thomas, but not what they don't want. Why, there's them beautiful silks as they haven't worn three times; what can be handsomer?"

"Pa, they are not at all the thing now," said Rosabella, not condescending to notice her mother, "we must have the new kind of brocaded silks—we must indeed."

"Well to be sure—such nonsense! And here's Tuesday, and you are to go on Friday; and poor Miss Gimp has been so ill, she will never be able to get them done."

"Then we must employ others. Papa, we must see about it at once; we will drive into Allport. If

there had been time we would have sent to town; but I think they can be got at Allport, and Miss Gimp will contrive to make them rather than let us go to another dressmaker."

"Ah, but she isn't well, poor thing, and hasn't got over the loss of her mother, and it isn't kind to give her this to do, when there ain't a bit of need on it."

"Ma, how you talk! there *is* need; we cannot dine at the Manor House in anything we have worn before."

"Well, I should like to know, if you don't tell 'em, how they'll find out you've worn them before. I say your gowns as you've got in plenty, will do; and you don't want any more."

But Rosabella and her aunt overruled Mrs. Clackitt; and Mr. Clackitt prepared immediately to drive the ladies to Allport, to make sure of the necessary dresses.

"Where is Priscilla? She must go. Miss Gimp will like to see her before she fetches the trimmings. She says Priscilla has such a good choice. Where is she?"

"She is out, I know," said her mother, quietly knitting, "she went away directly after Mr. Middleton."

"How provoking! I never saw such a girl. She deserves to go without a dress for it. She never will help in a push of this kind."

"I think Priss would fancy she had gowns enough. I'm sure you wouldn't punish her if you served her as you said."

"Yes, ma, you encourage her in those low notions," said Rosabella; "all she thinks about is going among those village people, and running the risk of catching fevers. I'm sure if our respectability depended on you and her, we should soon be cut by everybody. Pa, I wish you'd interfere."

"Know your place, Rosybeller, my dear," said her mother, with offended dignity: "Priss has never caught a fever yet; and, as to low notions, I think she is as much of a lady as any I know; and as to her looks, it don't much signify what she wears, for she always is becoming, and I believe it half comes from her thinking so little about it."

There was no time for further dispute, and leaving the party to go to Allport, we will follow Priscilla to her old refuge, Miss Manners.

As usual, she walked in without knocking.

"What is the matter?" said the kind old lady.

"Why, Priscilla, dear, I am afraid you have been calling at the Manor House again."

"Oh, worse, dear Miss Manners, a great deal," said Priscilla, with a heavy sigh. "Would you believe it; we are invited to dine there on Friday!"

"What a misfortune! Well, Priscilla, you are a strange girl! I dare say your sister doesn't take it to heart in this way?"

"Oh, no; she is rejoiced at it, and so is my father."

"And why are you so distressed?"

"Because I cannot endure being ridiculed, and I know the effect we must produce on the Walthams, if they have us a whole evening. A morning call was enough—it is downright cruel of them to ask us. Oh, if I could possibly catch a good cold, how thankful I should be! I could almost put up with the measles to stay at home!"

Miss Manners laughed outright.

"Yes, it is easy for you to laugh. I could laugh

myself at the figure we shall cut, if it were any other family than my own that was going to be victimised."

"But, Priscilla, you cannot suppose the Walthams have asked you for the express purpose of ridiculing you?"

"No, perhaps not—of course not; but they won't be able to help doing it."

"But the very kindness that made them invite you will teach them better."

"No, no kindness on their part can restrain them; neither do I blame them. We shall richly deserve all we shall get for going out of our station."

"You think too much of it, Priscilla. If they thought you beneath them, do you suppose they would have asked you?"

"Yes. I can tell you exactly how it was. Mr. Middleton, who always means to be kind, had taken my father's hints at their shyness of us, and said to Mrs. Waltham, 'You have never paid any attention to the poor Clackitts;' and they said, 'Oh, dreadful people, what shall we do with them?' and then he said, 'Ask them to dinner;' and then they all protested, and I dare say, said, 'Impossible!' but he gave them a lecture about Christian kindness, and assured them my father was a very good sort of man in his way, and reminded them that it would be only a sacrifice of a few hours; and so, by degrees, persuaded them to consent, which they did, no doubt very reluctantly; especially Miss Vernon, who looked at Rosabella as if she had been some curious specimen of reptile. I think Miss Vernon is *very* proud."

"I am sure Priscilla Clackitt is," said Miss Manners, laughing heartily at her young friend's description; "and, now, tell me, what should make them call you dreadful people?"

"Our vulgarity, of course. You have seen my dear mother—I respect and love her when she is at home—but, oh, to see her there! and then my father; if he can get any opportunity to talk, we shall hear, over and over again, of his being 'a man of substance,' and of his 'patronage of the clergy;' and the thought of what Rosabella will say, when she has recovered from the first shock of entering, makes me positively ill. My aunt, happily, will say nothing; her looks will amuse them sufficiently."

"And you—what will you do?"

"Sit on the first chair I come to, and keep my eyes on the floor or ceiling, whichever is the most convenient. I will not move unless I am moved; I won't speak beyond yes and no, and not then if I can help it."

"Then you won't get into any trouble."

"Yes I shall. There are many little ways of behaving that I know nothing of. I have never been in the company of people of rank, and I know none of their customs."

"Well, Priscilla, you are not going to court—there you would have to walk backwards. I don't know anything necessary to be learnt in the way of behaviour at the Manor House; if you behave there as you do here, I think you will be quite the thing."

"Dear Miss Manners, I never behave at all here."

"That is just the thing, Priscilla; don't you know that the perfection of good manners is to have no thought about manners at all!"

"I see what you mean. If I were able to feel there as I do here, I should not think about manners."

"And why not feel there as you do here? I am a gentlewoman, Priscilla, and whatever *you* may think of *yourself*, I do not consider that the Walthams are my superiors. You have, therefore, only to fancy yourself here and talking to me, when you are there and talking to them, and you will lose all your awkward fears."

Priscilla was going to reply, but Miss Manners went on talking, giving her a gentle, but faithful lecture, on her weakness and pride; showing her in what the true lady consisted, and pointing out the extreme folly of laying so closely to heart the opinions of the world on matters of such really slight importance.

"You have made me feel quite ashamed of myself," said Priscilla.

"I am glad of it. The shame you feel now will save you from that false shame which is much more painful."

"I think now I feel as if I don't mind going on Friday."

"Well, I hope the feeling will continue; if it should, I shall be convinced that my advice has been well spent, and that you are what I have always given you credit for being—a sensible girl."

"I must go to the school now," said Priscilla—"not that I am of much use there; I know nothing to teach."

"Come, don't get out of humour with yourself on that head—if you are so ignorant, you must be quick and learn; and that reminds me, come very early, if you can, to-morrow, for I have a delightful new book, and the print is too small for me."

"I will—and thank you, thank you, for all you have said."

Priscilla met Mr. Middleton as she left the house, and was glad, as she always was, that she had escaped coming into contact with him. He had not been many minutes, with Miss Manners before she repeated her conversation with her young friend.

"Nothing could be more accurate," he said, with a hearty laugh; "if she had been behind the door she could not have learnt the truth more correctly than from her own penetration. She is an acute young lady!"

Miss Manners here enlarged so warmly on her young friend's character, that Mr. Middleton became much more interested in her.

"Is she shy?" he said—"poor girl; then I shall know in future how to behave to her!"

CHAPTER VIII.—MISS CHUFFER.

"Oh! here's that odious Miss Chuffer. Priscilla, I beg you'll say I am not at home."

"How can I, when you are?"

"You know nothing of the customs of society—it's quite a common thing when you wish to avoid people—but you are so extremely *gauche*."

"I prefer being *gauche* to being untruthful, Rosabella, if I must be one or the other; but your knowledge of the rules of 'society' is gathered from novels, and not from life, so you may be wrong."

"I shall not see her—you may say what you like for me," said Rosabella, gathering up her work for a flight.

"Nay, she is *your* friend, and you have been so intimate with her—it will look so capricious to cut her without any cause; pray stay."

Miss Chuffer, being very nimble in her movements,

had ascended the staircase too rapidly to allow Rosabella to escape; and she caught that young lady near the door.

"How *particularly* fortunate I was, dear, to find you at home. I was quite afraid you would have gone for your drive—and the day is so *particularly* fine."

A tender kiss, by no means heartily returned, accompanied these words, and Miss Chuffer, moving politely to Priscilla, sat down, looking the picture of self-satisfaction.

"Well, dear," she continued, "I come to congratulate you."

Rosabella gave a stare of inquiry, though she suspected what was coming.

"Oh, I *know*, dear, and I was so delighted to hear it. I knew how glad you would be!"

"Really," said Rosabella, affecting ignorance, "what are you alluding to?"

"Why, the invitation, of course," said Miss Chuffer, nothing daunted. "You dine to-morrow at the Manor House."

"How could you possibly have known that?" said Rosabella, much provoked by her friend's free and easy style, which came with a peculiarly bad grace just at her entrance into high life.

"How could I have known it? Why, our servant heard it at the shop this morning, and I saw you driving into Allport yesterday, dear, when you went to order your dresses. It is so *particularly* fortunate that the invitation comes when there is so much company there, too:—isn't it?"

"What a gossip that woman at the shop is!" said Rosabella, quite indignantly. "I shall desire our servants to give up going there. I believe that everything we do becomes public property at that shop."

"Ah, it's *particularly* unpleasant, dear," said Miss Chuffer, smiling away as urbanely as ever:—"I often desire our Sarah never to repeat what she hears; but you know, dear, servants are so *particularly* fond of talking; but now do tell me, dear, what are you going to wear? I long to know."

In vain Rosabella tried petrifying coldness and haughty abruptness in her manner and speech. Miss Chuffer was not to be overcome. She felt no slight; understood no hint; her interest in her *particularly* dear friend remained unabated; and, by dint of patience and perseverance, she kept up a conversation in spite of all opposition.

"And you, Miss Priscilla, dear, you are delighted, no doubt?" she said, turning to her, on finding Rosabella quite impracticable.

"No, Miss Chuffer, I am not," said Priscilla, quietly.

"Well, how *particularly* strange, dear! Why not, may I ask?"

"I am not fond of visiting."

"Oh, I see what it is," said Miss Chuffer, putting her head on one side, and looking a sort of "we know" look at Rosabella. "You think visiting is wicked. I am afraid, dear, you are getting too good. Mr. Middleton is a *particularly* excellent man. I have the greatest respect for him; but he is so very severe. We must not attend to all he says, must we?"—with another look at Rosabella.

At another time Rosabella would have been happy to find an opportunity of speaking against Mr. Middleton; but she was silent now. He had brought the invitation, and he was going to dine there.

Priscilla answered—"I'm not in danger of getting too good, Miss Chuffer, and I don't know that Mr.

Middleton objects to visiting. I never heard him say so."

"Oh, but you know, dear, he is always preaching about the world; he is so *particularly* uncharitable; that's the only fault he has; in every other respect he is delightful."

"Take charity out of a character, and you take the sun out of the sky," said Priscilla. "I think Mr. Middleton is truly charitable; for he cares more to do people good than to please them."

"Ah, but that narrow-minded preaching would never do me good, dear, for one. Depend upon it, he is too exclusive, dear; he would have us all to be as old and sober as he is; it's all very well for clergymen; they should be serious. There's my brother-in-law—he is most religious—*particularly* so—he wouldn't dance at a ball for all the world; but then he is so charitable, he always takes his wife and daughters. Now, I suppose, Mr. Middleton would not suffer any one belonging to him to go to a ball?"

"I never heard him say," said Priscilla; "but you remember that sermon on 'love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;' he said in that, that the Christian has a delicate instinct which teaches him how to distinguish between what he may and what he may not taste of what are called the pleasures of life. He laid down certain heart-rules in that sermon which would, I think, if attended to, save people from much sin and sorrow."

Now, Miss Chuffer having made up her mind as to Mr. Middleton and his preaching, so as to be able to speak decidedly upon both among the ladies in Inglebrook, did not think it incumbent on her to listen to him any more. When, therefore, the sermon began—after she had looked out the text, and marked it in pencil, that she might know it if preached on again, and examined her watch, and arranged her gloves, handkerchief, and smelling bottle—she always made herself very comfortable in an attentive position, and went to sleep; waking occasionally to give an approving nod or disapproving shake, as the case might be.

"Do you remember that sermon?" said Priscilla.

"Well, dear, not all of it. One hears so many, that they become mixed up; but does your instinct, dear," she added, smiling bewitchingly, "tell you that you ought not to dine at the Manor House?"

"I am sorry to say, Miss Chuffer, I don't think that—I am afraid I have not that instinct. You remember the motives that were to make us give up pleasure?"

Miss Chuffer could not possibly remember what she had never heard; but, still sweetly smiling she gently observed, "I only wish, dear, I were half as good as you."

"So do I, I'm sure, if *you are not*," said Priscilla; "but we won't compliment one another. I don't dislike going to the Manor House because I think it is wicked; neither does Mr. Middleton think it wicked, for he brought the invitation."

"Now, did he? How *particularly* pleasant for you? but I've heard he is related to the family. Well, he can't preach against dinner parties again. Can he, dear?"—with a little jocular laugh to Rosabella.

"He never did," said Priscilla; "he gave us the rule in that sermon, and left us to apply it."

"Well, that's delightful, because one can judge for oneself; now for once he was *particularly* charitable."

"Miss Chuffer, I was wrong in saying *we* must apply

it; it is applied by the Holy Spirit—so he told us—and then he showed that the 'delicate instinct' of the Christian was nothing less than the voice of conscience approving or disapproving of things in their relation to spiritual health."

"What a memory you have, dear; but do you mean that we want to be inspired to know whether we may go to a ball or a dinner party? I think that's absolutely shocking and presumptuous."

"Miss Chuffer, I understand very little myself, and would rather not talk of these things; there was nothing shocking or presumptuous in what Mr. Middleton said. On comparing his sermons with the Bible, I always find him right, though I cannot say 'Amen!' to it all."

"Oh, then, you are not quite one of his disciples dear—not like Miss Manners, for instance?"

"No—I don't want to be his disciple; but I should be glad to be like Miss Manners."

"How *particularly* odd, dear; why, she is the last person I should envy;" and, turning to Rosabella (for the conversation was getting beyond her management), she tried once more to arouse that young lady from her frigid reserve. After a few ineffectual efforts she declared she *must* go. Giving Priscilla a hearty shake of the hand, and half offering a kiss (which offer, however, was not responded to), she darted what was meant to be an arch look at Rosabella, "I'm sure, dear, you are nervous about to-morrow; I *know* you are. Well, I shall come and hear how you got on, when it's over. I shall think of you to-morrow night. Good-bye, dear. I'm so *particularly* glad you are going there at last!" And so she disappeared, leaving her enemy to meditate on a thorough rupture with her.

"What impertinence!"

"Why, Rosabella, you have always appeared to like Miss Chuffer, and why should you behave so oddly to her now?"

"Oh, it's necessary to teach her that, though I have noticed her, she is not to consider me as her intimate friend."

"Well, I think you will have some trouble in teaching her. I wonder she should be so dense—or so forbearing—whichever it is."

"I have tried to keep her at a distance for some time; but she is too sensible of what she will lose if I don't notice her, to give up the intimacy."

"But why give it up? She is as good now as ever she was. I thought her '*particularly*' pleasant, for her, this morning."

"Isn't her being cousin to the Thatchers enough? She talks about people, but she visits nobody; and although the Chuffers are not farmers now, they have been."

"And although the Clackitts are not . . . ! Shall I go on?" said Priscilla.

But Rosabella's temper was too much excited for her to try it further.

"I am determined," she said, "to associate with none but those who will raise me in the world; you may degrade yourself as you please!"

Priscilla left her sister with the last word, as the best means of quieting her. She was not sorry that Miss Chuffer's intimacy was to be given up, for she had practised a sort of wheedling adulation on Rosabella, which had gratified, and by no means improved that young lady; but she regretted that her sister should have endeavoured to discontinue it from a motive so thoroughly discreditable.

That Miss Chuffer quite understood the reason was plain from the malicious smile that accompanied her farewell words. In fact, she was by no means deficient in discrimination. She had long seen Rosabella's intention to cut her; but, as it did not fall in with her purpose, she would not understand it. She was not one to be diverted from her object by a trifle. Rosabella had encouraged her, as her only resource, before the Walthams came; and, now that she hoped to get into society by means of her friend, she had not the remotest intention of being shaken off.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE SALE.

FOR some weeks previously there have appeared advertisements in the London "dailies" announcing that a "Custom-House sale" will come off. Catalogues have been already prepared at the Queen's warehouse in the Custom House, many of which are sold to intending purchasers, and also, we may here remark, to some that are not intending buyers, seeing that these catalogues give their holders the privilege of inspecting the various goods, and "tasting" the flavour of the wines, brandy, rum, and many other things. Most of the visitors are men, but there is a fair sprinkling of the other sex.

Our readers had, in the January part of the "Leisure Hour," a paper on "The Smuggler's Museum." Now the Custom-House sale is the occasion when these smuggled goods, or "seizures," are sold. Varied are the goods seized, and if our readers are in any way inclined to think that the days of smuggling are gone by, we would recommend them to pay a visit to the "east cellar" under the Queen's warehouse, Custom House, on one of these "sale" days. There they will have ocular demonstration as to the error of their imaginations on this score.

Entering the main lobby, the visitor will see, immediately opposite, marked up over a large door, "Queen's warehouse." The polite messenger in the lobby, with cocked hat and scarlet robe, whom rustics might mistake for a genuine Lord Mayor, will at once direct the inquirer to the place of "view." Arrived at the cellar, a goodly gathering will be found, catalogues in hand, inspecting the goods prior to proceeding to "Mincing Lane sale-rooms."

What are these immense piles heaped up on large square tables? Their contents are indeed various. Here is a large case of Manchester goods—so reasonably thinks the visitor. It is done up in the well-known square deal packing-case; and with the trade marks affixed to it, looks a genuine case of calicoes or print goods from "Horrock's," or some such-like celebrated firm. The question is proposed to one of the Crown attendants, "What was this seized for?" For containing contraband goods; and on his opening it you will find that the large packing-case is full of cigar-boxes containing cigars, of which there are samples exposed. This case alone contained 230 lbs. of cigars, and was not long since seized by the Crown officers when about to be landed. The duty, at five shillings per pound, of which the Crown would have been defrauded, amounted in this case alone to some £57 10s., and this is only one case amongst scores of others. Other packages contain coffee, tea, china-ware, playing-cards, candied peel, cases of toys, watches, brandy, rum, gin; in fact,

every article liable to duty is here represented. But the collection is meagre compared with what could be seen in former years, when the Customs' tariff had twenty times the number of articles liable to duty that it now has.

The visitor having seen all that is to be seen in the cellar, and tasted too, it may be, now ascends the stone stairs, and wends his way to the lobby, and from thence to the sale-room, Mincing Lane.

Arrived there, the auctioneer—who, by the way, is a Government official, the Queen's warehouse-keeper or his deputy—has taken his seat and is reading conditions of sale, any alteration in catalogue being distinctly pointed out, and other minor things attended to. Amid a steady hum of voices, the Israelitish accent immensely predominating, the sale commences.

There is usually a three-days' sale. The first day sees all miscellaneous "rummage" and "seizures" disposed of. The second day goods for home consumption from the various docks; and the third day immense quantities of wines and spirits, which are samples, the Crown having the right to take samples for the purpose of the gaugers determining the strength of spirit that each cask of spirit possesses, and from which calculation in gallons proof, under proof, or above proof, the duty in revenue is paid to the Crown. These, then, in substance, are the articles offered for sale to the motley mass of buyers assembled.

On the first day, when the sale of that portion of the goods in the catalogue, such as wearing apparel, pins, thread, perfumery, candles, toys, etc., is disposed of, there is a very evident "thinning" of numbers, and we lose the physiognomy and accent of very many of our "Israelitish" friends, who have come for the purpose of picking up bargains in their own particular jobbing line. The dealers who remain are those who are larger buyers, and have one specific article of goods in their eye, whether dry or otherwise.

The proceeds of such a sale for "the benefit of the Crown" are fluctuating, sometimes more, at other times less; seldom much less than a couple of thousand pounds, and the majority of this from articles which are contraband or "smuggled."

Commissioners of Customs were first appointed in 1671, and it was probably not much later that the first Custom-House sale of forfeited goods took place, looking to the fact that there have been one hundred and seventy-nine of such sales up to the present time—that even now there are rarely two of them in a year—and that formerly they were much less frequent.

The dealers who attend these sales are not the ordinary race of bargain-hunters who haunt the auction-room; to such persons the transactions would be incomprehensible in good part and dangerously delusive, as they would have no knowledge of the real value of the lots, through ignorance of the duty payable upon them, or would not know what to do with lots sold only for exportation. The buyers at these sales are necessarily versed in these mysteries, and know quite well what they are about.

We visited the commercial sale-rooms in Mincing Lane, on a recent occasion, bent, not on purchase, but on study of character. So far as we can detect, at first there is no demonstration telling of the Custom-House sale, though by-and-by we do discover a handbill on the floor, which is a copy of the ad-

vertisement in the papers. By dint of inquiry we ascertain that the sale comes off in No. 7, and in course of our searches for that number we stumble upon some half-dozen congregations of bidders and buyers, each under its presiding auctioneer, and all in full career of business. No. 7 is at the very top of the huge building, and is a lofty vaulted chamber capable of accommodating a couple of hundred sitters with seats, desk, and writing materials. There are no goods or samples, as in other auction-rooms, and no lackeys or auctioneers' porters noisily bustling about. The seats and long narrow desks look so much like the modern free-church sittings that one might almost fancy the assembly were met for worship, were it not for the rapid and decisive intonation of the presiding genius and the frequent explosive taps of his hammer. Most of the lots are knocked down very summarily, and there is no coaxing on the part of the auctioneer, no parrot-cry of "going, going, gone," only the sharp tap on the desk concluding the transaction. Now and then there is a competition for some coveted lot, but you never know what the competition is about unless you have a catalogue to refer to, as the auctioneer only calls out the number of the lot, it being supposed that bidders have examined everything on view at the Queen's warehouse, and know what they are doing.

Some of the lots present a rather grotesque assortment, so that one wonders what class of traders they can possibly suit. For example, there are lumped together, "One case six bottles of perfumery, nine pounds of chocolate, one piece of linen, one piece of cotton, one box of silver leaf, one empty flask and toys, two bottles of drugs, four boxes of stearine candles, and one box of printers' colours." Again, "two hundred and seventy-six bottles of hair-oil, nine bottles of hair-wash, forty-two packages of sealing-wax, one pound of stearine candles, and twenty-five pounds of the same." When one sees lots like these knocked down for something between thirty and forty shillings, one is apt to think the buyer has a rare bargain; but no such conclusion may be warrantable; there may be questions of duty, or if not of duty, of re-exportation, mixed up with the sale—and it is likely enough that if a stranger to the peculiarities of this market were to meddle in it, he would find that he had burned his fingers.

What tends greatly to the despatch of business is partly the absence of all distracting causes in the shape of the goods themselves—the fact that buyers have made up their minds as to the value of the goods before they are sold—and the practice adopted by the Customs of fixing a minimum price on the miscellaneous lots, below which it is not allowed to bid—such minimum being printed in the catalogue. Why certain lots have the minimum price marked against them, while others are not so distinguished, may well puzzle an outsider; but if you were to question one of the initiated on the subject he might perhaps tell you something about *ad valorem* duties. Certain goods, he might tell you, pay a duty proportioned to their value—that this value is declared by the importer, whose interest it is to place it as low as he can; but if, with the intention of evading a part of the duty, he places it too low, the Government buys them at that low valuation, and thus catches him in his own trap. The minimum price, therefore, may represent the amount the Government has paid for goods they deem to have been unfairly depreciated—while the excess over such minimum

realised at the sale represents the punishment inflicted on the unfair valuer, as well as the Government's profit by his knavery.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KEAST LORD, F.R.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.

CHAPTER XX.—HYENA TRAP.—AN EMBASSY FROM THE CONVENT.
—GEOLOGY OF THE DISTRICT.

In returning by a narrow pass through the mountains I discovered a large stone mound which was evidently constructed by human hands. In length the pile measured about twelve feet, in height four. It proved on closer examination to be hollow, the side walls being immensely strong and massive, with a roof composed of very heavy flat slabs of rock laid upon the top of the walls, and made weightier by heavy boulders piled upon the top of them. One end was closed by a wall similar to that of the sides, the other by a flat stone, that was adjusted to slide up and down in two grooves constructed in the walls, on the principle of the portcullis used at the gates of ancient feudal castles. My impression at first was that I had discovered some kind of burial-place differing from any I had previously seen, and yet the interior did not exhibit evidence that such was the case. While I was thus puzzled, my dragoman made his appearance, he having loitered behind to gossip with the Bedouins at the encampment. On my asking him if this mound was used as a grave, he could hardly refrain from laughing—I could see it by the roguish twinkle in his eyes, as he replied, "Not grave at all, 'Khawájeh' only trap for taking the hyena." The traversing stone at the end, he informed me, when the trap was set, is raised and kept in its place by a contrivance exactly similar in principle to that we employ for setting an ordinary wire mouse-trap. The hyena, in dragging out the bait, loosens the fall, and is then securely fastened into this prison of stone, to be dispatched by the Arab trapper when he visits the trap. The hyena is a bitter enemy to the goats and sheep.

During our stay at Wády Ghennéh one of the monks from the convent at Mount Sinai paid us a visit, his mission being to say the superior would be glad to see us at the convent, and that he was quite ready, and would be pleased to further our wishes in any way we might desire. The monk was a very remarkable looking person, and when I first saw him coming towards our tents I could hardly divest myself of the idea but that he was the very identical figure I had so often noticed as a frontispiece to Zadkiel's Almanac suddenly appearing in the flesh. Strange as it may seem, nevertheless, it was a fact that we three and the monk, together, commanded seven languages, and yet we could not converse except through the medium of the dragoman. The monk spoke Turkish, Arabic, Italian, and Greek. We could manage French, German, and English.

We left Wády Ghennéh on the 8th of May. A heavy gale of wind had been blowing all night, but when we started at seven in the morning it was calm and cool. I took my departure some time before the general cavalcade, as I followed out my plan of walking. My route, after getting through the narrow gorge leading past the end of Wády

Igné, and out into Wady Sidreh, was along this latter wady to reach Wady Mukatteb, the "valley of writing," about six miles distant. A sight worth remembrance was the grand beauty of the rugged slopes and peaks of the hills, as, tipped by the morning sun, they stood out in bold relief against the as yet steely-grey sky. Behind me towered up the mighty granite mountains overlooking Wady Ghenneh, while ahead I could, though indistinctly, trace the change in the contour of the hills where, at the entrance to Wady Mukatteb, the granite is replaced by sandstone.

To the geologist, this part of the peninsula presents especial features of importance, and it may be interesting if I very briefly point them out, as described by Mr. Baerman. "The sandstone series of Ghenneh is overlain to the westward, in Wady Sidreh and Nagb el Bédra, by cretaceous rocks. These are principally soft, bright-green sands, alternating with thin clayey limestones, the lowest beds containing numerous Echinoderms. In the long line of escarpment which extends in a south-westerly direction towards Wady Mukatteb, the beds are not in their natural order, as the upper parts of the sandstones, the brown beds, are first faulted against granite, and then, by a parallel dislocation, with a downthrow in the opposite direction, are brought at a point immediately south of Wady Ghenneh against the flint conglomerate, which is very strongly developed in the form of alternations of coarse flint shingle with thin coral-limestones and beds with a large coarsely-ribbed *Pecten*. The total thickness of this group must be very considerable, as it rises in the hill called Abcoalagha to a height of 2,424 feet above the sea level, or more than 1,600 feet above Ghenneh; and even this position is due to its being on the downthrow side of a considerable fault. In the direction of Mukatteb the throw of the fault lessens, so that the brown sandstones are brought against a small exposure of cretaceous rock (calcareous sandstones and shales with green sands), which are succeeded by a soft grey limestone, covered by a thick bed of blue shaley clay, with a little salt and gypsum, and about 500 feet of a soft chalky limestone, with bands and nodules of flint, forming an inaccessible cliff, strongly recalling the aspect of an English chalk cliff. The total height of the summit above the bottom of Wady Mukatteb cannot be less than 1,000 feet. This escarpment goes by the general name of Gharabi.

"From Wady Mukatteb the Triassic sandstones take a general south-easterly direction, and are last seen in Wady Feiran, forming a chain of small outliers on the crystalline schists, about twenty miles below the old town. Lower down the latter valley they are again covered by the green sands and thin, sandy limestones of the cretaceous period, having the same south-westerly dip of from seventeen to twenty degrees. These, after an outcrop of about a mile and a half along the valley, are covered by the white limestone, beyond which point, towards the sea, I have not followed the section."

Hitherto no opinion has been expressed as to the age of the white limestone, and it now becomes needful to consider this point. On the ground, I was inclined to take the limestone as representing the chalk-with-flints, from the strong physical resemblance to that formation; but we have seen that a like resemblance holds good in the bituminous chalk-with-flints of the Gharandel and Wady Hussein,

which are proved by their fossils to be Nummulitic. Another piece of evidence bearing against this view is furnished by the decided unconformity of the limestone upon the green sand in the Gharabi escarpment, although too much stress must not be laid on this point, owing to the number of faults running parallel with the escarpment, some of which may have something to do with the apparent unconformity. The ordinary rule of geological reasoning would perhaps be best satisfied by putting the whole of the chalky beds with flints into the Nummulitic series, as, in addition to the Nummulitic form near Gharandel, the small fossils found in Wady Taibe, Wady Hussein, and the Marcha are, for the most part, when recognisable, tertiary forms.

As far as I can gather from books, a somewhat similar difficulty is experienced in Egypt, where the upper line of the chalk is rather arbitrarily drawn at certain soft limestones, which are not very different in character, except as regards their fossils, from the lower Nummulitic beds immediately next in succession. This makes it probable that the transition from the Cretaceous to the Tertiary period in these regions was not marked by any great break physically, the beds immediately before and after the change having been accumulated under similar conditions; and probably in the Red Sea at the present day the beds accumulating are of an essentially chalky nature. In more recent times, however, a great break must have occurred between the Nummulitic and the flint-conglomerate formations, as the latter is entirely made up of the waste of the rocks immediately preceding it; and how considerable this waste must have been is evidenced in the ridge of Abcoalagha, where a mass of strata, about 600 feet thick, is about half composed of conglomerates, none of which contain a single pebble that can be referred to the new red sandstone, all being of flints.

After leaving the new red sandstone of Wady Feiran, the whole of the country up to the convent of St. Katherine in Sinai, with the exception of the fossiliferous alluvium in Wady el Scheick, is made up of crystalline and metamorphic rocks.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE SINAITIC WRITINGS.

On arriving at the entrance into Wady Mukatteb, I at once saw the commencement of the celebrated rock writings which have made this wady so celebrated, and caused it to be the subject of particular remark by almost every tourist and explorer who has ever visited the Sinaitic Peninsula. My first impression of Wady Mukatteb was one of disappointment, an impression that subsequent and wider experience did not in any degree alter. I had pictured to my imagination a narrowish wady shut in by lofty cliffs of sandstone rocks, the faces of which were, to a great extent, covered with the Sinaitic writings; but instead, it proved to be a large open space, much more fitting to be called a plain than a wady. The walls of rock on either side were not even continuous, but represented fallen blocks and disconnected patches, rather than the boundaries of a valley. The inscriptions were very far from being plentiful, and if counted by hundreds it would be much nearer the truth, than by thousands, as it has been generally stated. Indeed, I saw a far greater number of inscriptions at the "gap" than at any one spot in Wady Mukatteb. Exactly in the same way as I

have previously pointed out that the inscriptions were cut at Wady Nasb and at the gap, so were they cut in Wady Mukatteb, in every instance, either within actual reach of a man of middle height, or no higher than might have been easily attained by standing on a ledge of rock, or raised on a comrade's shoulders.

characters in the rocks. To my own mind, it is quite beyond any question of doubt, that the persons who cut the inscriptions on the rocks halted at the different places where they are principally found, to rest and refresh themselves, and while thus idling, whiled away their time by cutting either their names, texts



WADY MUKATTEB, WITH INSCRIBED ROCKS.

Being on foot, I was perhaps the more strongly convinced of the remarkable fact which on past occasions had so impressed itself upon my mind whilst investigating the rock writings at Nasb and the "gap," viz., that in every instance these said inscriptions were found in situations where travellers, especially pedestrians, would be most likely to halt and rest for a time. Such was most markedly the case in Wady Mukatteb, because I more than once turned away from the course I ought to have kept, in order to avail myself of the friendly shade of overhanging rocks, but each time I found the very place that had tempted me had clearly held out a like inducement to the persons who had cut the strange

of Scripture, or what not, on the rocks, a habit, I regret to say, the modern tourist still indulges in to a painful extent. With regard to other rock writings I afterwards saw at Wady Feiran, Gebel Serbal, Wady Aleyat, and other places on the peninsula that it would be of no interest to mention, I may remark that they in no noteworthy particular differed from those I have already mentioned or that I am about to refer to, so that it will be only waste of time to devote to other inscriptions any special description, or do more than simply refer to their localities as we proceed on our journey.

The entire interest of these rock writings centres, of course, in the much vexed question as to the age of

these singular inscriptions and the nature of the character in which they are written. I shall the better make my readers familiar with the known facts of the case, by giving, in as short a space as may be compatible with clearness of explanation, the various opinions which have been from time to time promulgated relative to the age, the character, and authorship of these rude inscriptions, by some of the most learned palæographers and archaeologists in Europe. The earliest mention made of any inscriptions on the Peninsula of Sinai is, I believe, by Diodorus (B.C. 10), who, in referring to a sacred grove of palm-trees growing somewhere on the south-western side of the peninsula, says:—"There was an altar of solid stone, very old, inscribed with ancient unknown letters." Then follows Cosmas (Indicopleustes) the Indian traveller, who visited the peninsula about A.D. 536; he goes on to state that "at all halting-places the stones in the immediate neighbourhood broken away from the mountains are written over with Hebrew characters carved in the stone;" and he further remarks that his Jewish companion explained the meaning of the writing, stating that the inscriptions simply recorded the departure of "such and such a man for such and such a place, in such a year, in such a month; just as with us some people often write in inns." An Irish prelate, Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, called the attention of the scholars of his time, in the year 1753, to the fact of these writings being of great antiquity and in an unknown character. I believe an account of them was published through the bishop's instrumentality by the superior of the Franciscan monks in Cairo, and a reward offered for their decipherment. In more recent times Mr. Foster, by an alphabet of his own construction, endeavoured to show that the writings were principally records of the more remarkable incidents of the forty years' wanderings. Somewhere about the year 1839, Professor Beer, of Leipsic, also constructed an alphabet, by aid of which he imagined that he had in some degree solved the problem, and discovered the actual key to the deciphering of a great many of the inscriptions. He published over a hundred of the inscriptions in a work of his. His idea was that the characters belonged to a distinct and independent alphabet which was employed by the Nabathæans, a people who inhabited Arabia Petrea before the Arabic language was known in the desert.

Up to a recent date, the several opinions held regarding the origin of the Sinaitic rock writings seem, after all, to resolve themselves, when carefully analysed, into two: the one that they were the handiwork of the Israelites during their sojourn in the desert; the other that they must rather be looked at as the pastime of Christian shepherds who were permanent residents in the desert, or possibly of Christian pilgrims in search of Mount Sinai. This *questio vexata* was last year set at rest by the discoveries of Mr. Palmer, who has most clearly made out that the character is neither unique nor unknown, but simply "another phase of that Semitic alphabet, whose forms appear alike in the Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek," or, as it may be explained in other words, constitutes an intermediate link betwixt the Cufic and ordinary Hebrew. Professor Beer refers to a stone in Wady Mukatteb on which it was said there was a *bilingual* inscription; Mr. Palmer also discovered it, and states that there can be no possible doubt that

the Greek and Sinaitic writing of which the inscription consists was executed by the same hand. This is not a solitary instance either, for many other inscriptions were found in which Greek and Sinaitic characters have been cut upon a rock by the same hand. Mr. Palmer most incontrovertibly proves that these writings, hitherto supposed to be of so great an age, are after all simply and only detached sentences, in Aramæan dialect, "a great many of them being proper names, with here and there introductory formulae such as oriental peoples have been from time immemorial accustomed to prefix to their compositions," and instead of being the doings of the Israelites, the inscriptions turn out to be what I have already stated. I imagine they were the work, not so much of pilgrims as that of a trading community who were inhabitants of the peninsula during the earlier part of the Christian era. The very many Christian signs employed, as shown in a previous chapter, clearly denote that a number of the inscribers were Christians, but there is, according to Mr. Palmer, plenty of evidence to prove that a large proportion of them were certainly pagans. "The writing must have extended into the monkish times, possibly until the spread of El-Islâm brought the ancestors of the present inhabitants, Bedouin hordes, from el-Hajaz and other parts of Arabia proper, to the mountains of Sinai, and dispersed or absorbed that Saracen population of whom the monks stood in such mortal dread." Having thus endeavoured to put my readers in possession of the leading points of interest bearing upon the famous Sinaitic writings, I need not again refer to them: the illustration will give a good idea of what they are like. The representations of animals by which the writings are so often accompanied cannot certainly afford any clue to the meaning of the inscriptions themselves. The beasts are so rudely and clumsily drawn, and often so absurdly grotesque in conception, that it is very difficult to believe the pictographs can mean anything serious. I noticed as I walked along that cut in the soft sandstone rocks were the most ridiculous representations of asses, horses, camels, ibexes, hares, and dogs, together with the very roughest attempts at outlining the human figure.

FACTS ABOUT CANADA.

(Communicated by a Canadian Clergyman.)

It is unfortunate that false impressions of Canada prevail so largely in Britain. Ideas formed of Canada at a time when little of it was known west of Montreal still abound, even among intelligent people, and its climate, soil, and productions are classed with those of Norway or Greenland. This is injurious to Britain, in burdening it with many who could easily in Canada become owners of land and good customers in the English markets; and to Canada no less, in frightening from its shores to the United States immigrants whose sympathies, were all things equal in their esteem, would incline them to continue under the British flag. It is good, therefore, to have seen in the British isles now at last a Commissioner of Emigration from the province of Ontario. His presence, and his maps and books, have already, judging from the public press, done something towards raising the New Dominion

It is, however, far from desirable that too high an estimate of Canada should displace the estimate that has been too low. The very excellent pamphlet issued by authority of the Government of Ontario* is, as might perhaps be expected, if anything, rather too enthusiastic in its description of that province.

In some of its aspects the climate of Ontario—I speak from a long experience of both—is to be preferred to the climate of Britain. The winter is longer than in Britain, the cold more intense, the snow deeper, but the sky is clear, the air dry, bracing, and health-giving. Such is the aspect of the Canadian winter to the man of leisure and means, who can, when the thermometer sinks to zero,

“Stir the fire and close the shutter fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round.”

But to the farmer its aspect, it must be admitted, is somewhat different. Engaged in the woods with his axe, it is true he cares little for the keenest frost, but sitting on his load while driving his produce to market over long roads, he runs at times no small risk of getting nose and toes frost-bitten. But, worse than this, for four or five months in the year cattle must be fed from the barn and root-house, and during that time the plough lies idle in the snow. The length of the winter, locking up the land from cultivation, much more than its intensity, is a great foe of Canadian agriculture.

The summer, again, so sunshiny and sweet, so free from the damps and fogs of England, and in its almost tropical splendour so much akin to the summer of the south of Europe, is, in the eyes of the farmer, marred by its liability to night frosts. Some have said that there is never a month in the year in Canada without frost. This is not exactly true, for July and August generally pass without it. Most frequently, however, there are a few nights' very dangerous frost in the first and second weeks of June, and once I have seen, on the last night of August, frost that caused immense damage to late wheat and tender vegetables. As a general rule, however, the summer frosts cease to be destructive where land is well drained, and where every variety of wheat is cultivated; but the exceptions are sufficiently frequent to cause the Canadian farmer, especially in low-lying districts, much anxiety during the summer months.

The great enemy, however, of the Canadian farmer is the *midge*. For a few weeks in summer a little fly is seen hovering in clouds over wheat-fields while the grain is in its milky state. That fly deposits its eggs under the chaff. In a few weeks a little yellow worm is hatched. It feeds on the grain in whose bosom it found shelter, and then drops, it is supposed, into the soil, to emerge next summer a fly, to continue in vastly increased numbers its work of destruction. It is quite a common thing to see to-day a field of wheat promising thirty or forty bushels to the acre, which a month from that date will not yield ten bushels, the difference having gone to feed these yellow worms. The only sure remedy against an evil that has nearly ruined many once prosperous families is a variety of wheat called *midge-proof*, whose coarse chaff resists the work of the fly. This wheat is, however, so inferior to the ordinary winter wheat in quality and productiveness, that many prefer risking

the midge to laying all their land under midge-proof varieties. It is not a course worthy of the Government of Ontario to pass over this subject, which should be fully and fairly told, in one short sentence which, in the midst of so much that is favourable and flattering, would be sure to be entirely overlooked by a reader that had no practical acquaintance with Canada. This plague, which began in Eastern Canada, is moving slowly westward, to disappear, one should expect, in about ten years, judging from the former rate of progress, in the waters of Lake Huron. But at present the pest has only begun to take possession of the Saugeen division, the best wheat district in the province. An Irishman of my acquaintance tells a rueful tale of his battle with the insect. Some thirty-five years ago he began farming in Lower Canada, now Quebec. He was driven thence, after a long contest, by the midge, and moved up to Central Canada, hoping to be at peace; but the midge having set out for the same locality a good many years before him, arrived there soon after himself. Again he fought long and stoutly, but a second time, concluding that discretion was the better part of valour, he fled, and this time penetrated, before he stood to bay, well into the backwoods. He had scarcely harvested two crops when the advanced pickets of his tiny but tough enemy were upon him, and now he cannot move farther west unless into Lake Huron, which would be to drown himself, for which alternative he says he is not yet prepared.

When to these disadvantages is added low prices for farm produce, we have nearly in full the elements that constitute the sombre background of every correct picture of Canadian agricultural life. London and Liverpool are really the markets of North America. Between the Canadian barn and the London corn exchange there are many miles of railway, of river, and of sea, many agents, many risks, and in a country where the ports are frozen all the winter, much delay. All that must be converted into money and deducted from the price of the bushel of wheat ere the cash passes into the hands of the Canadian producer. From twenty to thirty shillings the quarter is the price of wheat in many of the country towns of Canada this season, and beef can be had in the same markets for two or three pence per pound. Where wages are high, and all manufactured goods, from a needle to a plough-share, dear, the low price of all he sells sadly embarrasses the Canadian yeoman. In the Western States of America it is still worse; but a glowing account of the State of Iowa in a daily paper of large circulation recently forgot to mention that in this bucolic paradise wheat sells for thirty cents, or one shilling and sixpence sterling a bushel, an excellent state of matters truly for the belly, but not quite so good for the back and the purse.

Were the Canadian farmer favoured with the climate of England, and were he rid of these drawbacks, he would easily, selling as he does rent free, realise not simply a competence, but affluence. Canada is no terrestrial paradise, but a very dull, prosaic land, where the husbandman has to fight stout battles with long winters, changeable summers, insect scourges, and low prices. Such, however, is the genuine goodness of its soil, such the compensating kindness of its climate, such the variety and elasticity of its resources, that with all its disadvantages industrious men thrive in it; not, indeed, to the extent of making fortunes, but, which is better,

* "The Province of Ontario: its Soil, Climate, Resources, and Institutions, Free Grant Lands, &c. Issued by authority of the Government of Ontario."

to the extent of having homes of their own full to overflowing with every necessary comfort, and not a few simple luxuries. Intimate knowledge of the position of the agricultural classes of Britain, and fourteen years' experience in Canada convinces me that a large immigration of these would benefit them and both these countries.

In Canada there are large and ever-increasing demands for farm servants. Last summer several ship-loads of men and women who were willing to try their hands at this work were landed at Montreal from England; but as the crowd vomited from some large church on a Sunday in town divide and subdivide, until each individual is separately housed, one cannot tell where, so these immigrants dispersed themselves over many a township, but it is not felt to-day that they came, and one wonders whither they have all gone. Their contentedness and success are, however, other questions which cannot yet be spoken of with any certainty. One thing is sure, they cannot lack for work, and food, and shelter; and, if true to themselves, will make for themselves independent homes, as others have done around me.

Here is a Coventry ribbon weaver who came to Canada seven years ago with a large family almost destitute. Instead of hovering about the towns, which to him would be but "out of the frying-pan into the fire," he pushed his way into the back country. Here he had hard struggles, for his wife became insane, and he had to take care of the little children and work for their bread; but neighbours, as is always the case in the woods of Canada, were kind, and supplied him with firewood and provisions till his wife got better. He fell in with a lot of fifty acres, which he bought cheap, situated on a gravel road near school, and church, and post-office. On this he has built a good house, where two looms are kept busy at farmers' work for the great part of the year. Before the door is a pretty garden, gay with flowers in summer, and behind the house on to the woods are fields under oats, and potatoes, and pasture. That man blesses the day he left starvation and Coventry.

Some seven years ago a benevolent lady sent about twenty families to Canada from one of the Hebrides. They all landed about penniless. Strong men—fishermen the most of them—with families of boys and girls, they soon got work at good wages from the farmers, who were thankful to see them. After working for wages for a year or so, they began to lease wild land, at so many years free of rent for so much improvement. One man out of his leased farm has supported his family and paid some instalments to Government on one hundred acres of his own. Another young man has paid seven hundred dollars on his earnings alone on a hundred acres. Another has leased a cleared farm for twenty pounds per annum, and is working it with tools and cattle all his own property, who had nothing but the clothes on his back, good sinews, and children enow, when he first landed on the shores of the New World. With these people money is often scarce enough, and their clothing is chiefly home-spun, and it is sometimes patched; but bread and beef is never lacking, nor the best of wood to make cheery and comfortable the log-house in the winter night when frost is king; and the prospect is good that the second generation will be owners, each man of a farm of his own. Where fifteen years ago the forest stood unbroken, but where there is now a

good country congregation, with its log church and its self-sustained pastorate, I assisted once at the dispensation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and on the Monday heard talked over what would appear to many a country clergyman in England a very strange difficulty—the difficulty, viz., of how to dispose of what was left of the communion bread, as there was no poor family within the bounds of the district to whom the Kirk Session could venture to offer it as a gift.

But further, and this is the main advantage of Canada, there men with means, or without means, can easily secure a *home*. Strong and deep are the longings of the human heart for a spot of earth it can fence and build on, and till and beautify, call "our own place," and leave to wife or child as their shelter from pitiless storms when the summons comes for the protector and bread-winner to take his departure hence. "I am more delighted," writes a homeless wanderer from Canada, "than I can tell you, and more thankful to God than I can express, for this prospect of rest and a *home*. You have never wandered hither and thither without a home or a resting-place. One who has can be content, I think, with the shelter of a large tree, or a great rock, if he could only look upon it as *his home*, and the place to which he might ever return in his wanderings." But Canada has something better to offer for a home than trees and rocks. One can have his choice of four classes of homes.

On the cover of the pamphlet issued by authority of the Government of Ontario, to which reference has already been made, there is a wood engraving of a Canadian farm, with a two-story brick dwelling, adorned with Gothic windows, Venetian blinds, and elegant veranda, and surrounded with shrubbery. The farm offices are commodious, and the smooth fields surrounded by substantial fences; everything, indeed, looking like a first-class farm in England. There are many such homesteads, containing 100 or 200 acres of land, to be seen in Ontario, and they are often in the market at prices varying, according to soil and situation, from £10 to £15 per acre.

There are again in the market, and advertised in every daily newspaper, a class of homestead some degrees below this class in price and improvements. On these farms the houses are of log or frame, the fields are full of stumps, and only half, it may be, of the hundred acres have been cleared of timber, and the orchard has not yet begun to bear. In good situations, i.e., near markets and railways, such farms can be bought at prices varying from £2 to £10 the acre.

Then further, there is the bush farm, on which a house must be built, trees felled, fences made, ere a mouthful can be had for man or beast. These can be purchased from Government at 8s. per acre, or from private parties at something in advance of this.

But within the last few years a fourth class of homestead is offered to actual settlers, 100 acres, viz., as a free grant to every member of a family, without distinction of sex, above the age of eighteen years. These grants are confined at present chiefly to what is called the Muskoka district, which some have called the Switzerland of Canada. This epithet, not perhaps deserved exactly, carries in it, however, a warning. One would scarcely look for good farms to any large extent amid wild scenery. In the Muskoka district there are excellent lots of land—my authority

is a clergyman who traversed most of the country in discharge of professional duties, and noways interested for or against—but the country is too rugged and broken to be desirable, and very unsuitable for immigrants newly arrived from Europe. On the whole it is to be feared that Muskoka must be written down a failure, and that truth and fair dealing demands that this should be spoken out bluntly. This, however, is not so much to be regretted, when one thinks of the vast Saskatchewan valley that will soon, notwithstanding the present difficulties, be opened up for colonisation.

From conversations had with various parties who have been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, from the words of missionaries, from explorations, and from numerous letters, I can with safety say of this territory:—1st. That it is of immense size, containing 64,000 square miles of country, almost every acre of which is available for agricultural purposes. It lies in one continuous strip, 800 miles long, and on an average 80 miles broad. 2nd. That it is of unrivalled fertility, yielding, according to Professor Hind, who spent two summers in the country in charge of an expedition sent out by the Canadian Government, forty bushels of wheat to the acre, on average, and sixty bushels occasionally, without fallow or manure.* 3rd. That the cold is less intense in the valley than in the Red River settlement, for it is found that the climate grows rapidly warmer on the same parallel westward, even when there is an increase of elevation, so that in mean temperature it is little lower than the midland district of Ontario. 4th. That a healthier country cannot be found anywhere; fever and ague, the bane of the American prairie, being unknown.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted—1st. That the climate is considerably colder than in Ontario, though the mean temperature is not much lower, as is evidenced by the fact that hitherto no fruit trees have been reared there. 2nd. That even with railway communication to the sea-board, from which Red River is over 2,000 miles distant, and until manufactures and towns rise on the spot, the price of farm produce must remain low—as low, probably, at times, as that mentioned of the State of Iowa.

Thus have I written of Canada as I have found it, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice." With all its faults, and these I have placed in the foreground, it has virtues of soil and climate that must, in course of time, bring it into competition with Russia, as the largest and best wheat-growing country in the world. Its winter is severe, but it is free from fever and ague, the bane of the western prairies of the United States. It is liable to summer frosts, but early varieties of wheat, draining, and good farming are fast diminishing this evil. It has been infested with insect plagues; it is only wheat, however, that suffers, and with a better system of farming, it is believed by some that this scourge, having run its course, will gradually cease to be formidable, like many other plagues of like nature. Prices are low, and will probably sink lower, as the Russian railways in course of being built pour into English ports the produce of fertile lands and serf labour. But American cities north and south of the British line are growing so rapidly,

and manufactures of all kinds are so rife on every side, that not long hence there will be large markets for wheat west of the Atlantic. Canada has a system of government, from the petty township council to the Parliament in Ottawa, that is popular without being democratical, in the bad sense of that word; it has a system of free national schools, which older colonies might well copy, and which is a great boon to the new settlers; its press on the whole is able and independent, and completely free from the wild licence that too often characterises the utterances of the American press. Its railway and canal systems, already on an imperial scale, are being yearly improved and extended; within its wide bounds there is not a village or settlement without some provision, by voluntary effort, for the religious instruction of the people. The country needs capital and labour to develop its resources. As many men, women, and children of the right stamp as Britain can spare, it is able and willing to welcome, and it will be their own fault if they are not bettered by the change.

EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY.

IN the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, the picture of the Execution of Ney made a deep impression, as it had already done when first exhibited in Paris. It appeared in London, the contribution of M. Gérôme, as one of the foreign honorary Academicians. It is a picture the first impression of which is painful, but which gains upon the eye till the mind is riveted by the grim simplicity with which the tragic story is told. The common civilian costume of Ney helps the first impression of surprise, but really adds to the satisfaction with the artist's work. There is nothing of the romance that the mere title of the picture might suggest, nothing in dress or martial pomp to bring to mind the captain of "the old guard," "the bravest of the brave!"

Under the walls of the Luxembourg, in a misty December morning, lies a middle-aged gentleman in a long blue surtout, black pantaloons, and shoes with buckles. You see the mark of his two feet in the wet earth where he stood till he fell forward thus, a prone and lifeless mass, his face crushed against the ground. A few paces in front of the body the cart-ridge cases are still smoking on the ground. On the wall are the fresh dints of the bullets, among the half-legible inscriptions that tell of the rise and fall of kings and republics and empires, and, as if in irony, one bullet has struck the plaster from the middle of a "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Through the grey mist the firing party is marching off, only the officer giving one last backward glance at the morning's work.

The narrative of the closing scene of Ney's life we give from the graphic pen of M. Lamartine ("History of the Restoration," Book 34):—

At three o'clock in the morning the secretary of the Chamber of Peers appeared at the door of the prisoner's cell, to read his sentence to him officially. The guards, regretting the necessity of interrupting that peaceful sleep, which death, as if jealous of the short repose, was about to disturb so rudely, hesitated for a long time to awake him. They at length, however, obeyed, and touching the Marshal's hand called him with a low voice. Though in a profound sleep he sat up quickly, and perceived the officials of the

* Red River, in the Saskatchewan valley, produces 40 bushels of wheat per acre, while the average of Minnesota is 20, Wisconsin 14, Pennsylvania 15, Massachusetts 16, and Ontario 22.

Chamber, and the secretary, M. Cauchy, whose features, which were known to him, indicated the sorrow and pity that disturbed his mind. The Marshal immediately got out of bed, advanced towards M. Cauchy, and prepared to listen to a sentence too well foreseen. Before he read the paper he held in his hand, the secretary begged the prisoner to separate his official duty from the personal sentiments of respect and admiration with which he was penetrated, and to pity him for having to perform a duty which was repugnant to his heart. "I am grateful, sir," replied the Marshal, "and touched by the sentiments you express, which I fully comprehend. But we all have our duties in this world; fulfil yours, I shall perform mine." Then pointing to the paper he held in his hand—"Read, sir," he said, with a resigned and gentle accent. The secretary accordingly began, in a voice which seemed to ask pardon for the words; and as he read conscientiously, word for word, the long enumeration of the names, titles, rank, and dignities by which the sentence designated the condemned: "To the fact, to the fact," said the Marshal, with an accent of impatience, and an expression of disdain for these baubles of a life on the point of extinction: "say simply Michael Ney and soon a little dust!"

The reading having terminated, the secretary of the Chamber informed the condemned that the curate of St. Sulpice had come to offer him the consolations which religion gives to the dying, and that he was authorised by the regulations to receive him. "I want no one to teach me how to die," replied the Marshal. "At what hour to-morrow?" he added, with an interrogative expression of countenance which finished the suspended sense of the question. "At nine o'clock," replied M. Cauchy, bowing, as if ashamed of the brevity of the time doled out to him for his preparation. "And my wife and children?" said the condemned; "can I, at least, embrace them for the last time?" This M. Cauchy was authorised to promise him. "Well, then," said Ney, "let my wife come at five in the morning; but keep her ignorant, above all things, of my condemnation: let her learn it only from myself, who alone can soften its horrors to her." He was promised that this precaution should be taken with his family; and he then begged to be left alone for the remainder of the night. He lay down again on his bed, wrapped his cloak around his head, and fell asleep, as if on the bivouac and ready for action. Nature, more merciful than his judges, veiled from him his agony in sleep.

At five o'clock Madame Ney, accompanied by her sister and her four sons, was introduced into his prison. The period fixed for this interview sufficiently indicated that it was one of final separation. The Marshal, who adored this young and charming companion of his happy days, received her fainting in his arms, and with difficulty restored her with his tears and kisses. Then taking his four young sons upon his knees, and pressing them to his heart, he uttered to them in a low voice those last sad words by which a father transfuses the purest portion of his soul into the memory of his children. His sister-in-law anxiously endeavoured to console by turns the father, the mother, and the children, and prayed aloud amidst the sobbing of these hapless groups. The Marshal, who had solaced his heart with the sight and farewell endearments of all that he loved upon earth, maintained sufficient coolness to deceive his wife and withdraw her from the agony of his last

moments, by imparting a hope to her which he did not feel himself. He flattered her with the idea that the heart of the King might still be overcome by the sight of her grief and the energy of her prayers. He thus succeeded in withdrawing himself from her arms; and the suppliants were conducted amidst the darkness to the gates of the palace, where the King and the Duchess of Angoulême were still sleeping.

By the favour of the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the King, the family were admitted into the ante-rooms of the royal apartments, where Madame Ney, uneasy, but still confiding, awaited the monarch's rising. She did not doubt that even the permission to weep so near their hearts was a tacit promise of mercy. The first light and noises of day penetrating into the palace impressed her with mingled feelings of hope and terror. Her mother had been in friendly intercourse with the mother of the Duchess of Angoulême. Would the daughter of Maria Antoinette allow the widowed daughter, and the little orphan boys, to leave that palace where she was more than queen? This hapless group waited in the ante-chamber in vain until the irreparable hour had elapsed. The princess had known or heard nothing of it. What an hour lost for nature and the Monarchy!

The Marshal had not lain down again after the last embraces of his wife and sobbing of his children. He had dried up his own tears, that he might no longer think of anything but the dignity of his death. He wrote his will; then rising from his chair he walked about his chamber, exchanging with great composure a few words with his guardians. One of these royal body-guards, disguised as grenadiers, of whom we have spoken, had conceived for the hero that involuntary tenderness of admiration and pity which the familiarity of a prison, misfortune, and approaching death create in noble hearts. This was a royalist gentleman of Dauphiny, named M. de V—. His handsome countenance, his martial character, his accent of free but respectful frankness, had deceived the prisoner himself, who thought he saw in M. de V— one of the old sub-officers of his great campaigns. He gladly conversed with this guard during the long hours of this weary captivity. "This is the last sun I shall ever see, comrade," said he, approaching M. de V—. "This world is at an end for me. This evening I shall lie in another bivouac. I am no woman, but I believe in God and in another life, and I feel that I have an immortal soul. They spoke to me of preparation for death, of the consolations of religion, of conferring with a pious priest. Is that the death of a soldier? Let me hear what you would do in my place." "*Monsieur le Maréchal*," replied M. de V—, "we still hope that the King will be worthy of Henri IV, and that he will not suffer France to be deprived of one of her most glorious servants, for one day of forgetfulness: but death is death for all mankind, and he who has seen it so near on so many battle-fields is not afraid to hear it spoken of in a dungeon. The voice of a last friend has never been painful to a soldier in the hospital waggon. Were I in your place, I should allow the curate of St. Sulpice to enter, and I should prepare my soul for every event." "I believe you are right," replied the Marshal with a friendly smile; "well, then, let the priest come in." The curate of St. Sulpice, who was patiently waiting the favourable moment in a room of the Luxembourg, was introduced, and conferred

piously with the Marshal in a corner of the chamber. The hour which brought no pardon at length sounded for the execution. The prisoner who had read in the features, and heard in the murmurs of the Chamber of Peers, the inexorable vengeance of party spirit, had expected nothing from the tears of his wife and children. It was for her sake and theirs that he had affected to hope. He dressed himself therefore to appear with propriety before the last fire he was ever to face. He wore a military frock coat on the occasion. The noise of the troops, who were stationed from the gate of the Luxembourg to the railing of the avenue of the observatory, and the rolling of a carriage in the courtyard, apprised him of the hour of departure and the route. He thought he was to be conducted to the plain of Grenelle, to the spot marked by the blood of Labédoyère, the ordinary place of execution. His door opened; he understood the sign. He descended with a firm step, a serene brow, and a lofty look, his lips almost wearing a smile, but without any theatrical affectation, through the double ranks of the troops drawn up on the steps of the staircase, and in the vestibule of the palace, like a man happy once more to see the uniform, the arms, and the troops—his old family. On arriving at the bottom of the flight of steps where the carriage awaited him with the door open, he stopped instead of mounting, through politeness to the priest who accompanied him, and who was yielding him the precedence. Taking the curate by the arm, "No, no," said he, with a manner at once playful and sad, in melancholy allusion to the object of his journey, "go in first, Mr. Curate; I shall still arrive above there before you;" indicating with a look the haven of his rest.

The carriage proceeded at a foot pace through the broad alleys of the Luxembourg, and between the silent ranks of the soldiers. An icy fog crept along the ground, yielding only glimpses of the leafless branches of the lofty trees in the royal garden. The priest murmured by the side of the soldier spiritual consolation and resignation to death. The Marshal listened to him with manly attention, and expected to listen still longer, when the carriage suddenly stopped, midway between the railing of the Luxembourg and the Observatory, in front of a long wall of a black and fetid enclosure, that bordered an alley leading out of the avenue. The Government, ill-advised even in the choice of a place of execution, seemed desirous of rendering it more abject and contemptuous, by striking down this illustrious enemy like some unclean animal, on a cross road, and at a few paces from a palace, the name of which will for ever be stained by the memory of so foul a deed.

Ney was astonished, and looked around for the cause of this halt half-way, as he supposed, when the carriage door opened, and he was requested to alight. He felt that he was never to return, and gave to the priest who accompanied him the few articles he had about him, with his last remembrances to his family. He emptied his pockets also of some pieces of gold for the poor of the parish; he then embraced the priest, the last friend who supplies the place of all absent friends at this final hour, and marched to the wall towards the place indicated by a platoon of veterans. The officer commanding the party advanced towards him, and requested permission to bandage his eyes. "Do you not know," replied the soldier, "that for twenty-five years I have been

accustomed to look balls and bullets in the face?" The officer, disturbed, hesitating, undecided, expecting perhaps a cry of pardon, or fearing to commit a sacrilege of glory by firing on his general, stood mute between the hero and his platoon. The Marshal availed himself of this hesitation, and of the immobility of the soldiers, to cast a final reproach upon his destiny. "I protest before God and my country," he exclaimed, "against the sentence which has condemned me. I appeal from it to man, to posterity, to God!"

These words and the countenance, enshrined in their memory, of the hero of the camp, shook the steadiness of the soldiers. "Do your duty," cried the commandant of Paris to the officer, who was more confused than the victim. The officer, stumbling, resumed his place beside his party. Ney advanced a few paces, raised his hat with his left hand, as he was accustomed to elevate it in desperate charges to animate his troops. He placed his right hand on his breast to mark well the seat of life to his murderers. "Soldiers!" said he, "aim right at the heart!" The party, absolved by his voice and commanded by his gesture, fired as one man. A single report was heard: Ney fell as if struck with a thunderbolt, without a convulsion, and without a sigh. Thirteen balls had pierced the bust, and shattered the heart of the hero, and mutilated the right arm which had so often waved the sword of France. The soldiers, the officers, and the spectators, turned away their eyes from the body, as from the evidence of a crime. During the quarter of an hour which the military regulations required that the corpse should lie exposed upon the place of execution, no spectators, except a few passers-by and some women from the neighbouring houses, looked upon the body, or mingled their tears with its blood. Some groups demanded, with a low voice, who the criminal was, thus abandoned on the public highway, and shot to death by soldiers of the grand army. None had the courage to reply that it was the body of the "bravest of the brave," the hero of the Beresina. After the legal period of exposure, the hospitable sisters of a neighbouring convent claimed the body to bestow funeral honours upon it in private, had it carried to their chapel, and watched and prayed alternately around the forlorn coffin.

When the Parisians awoke and found that Ney had been executed, bitter shame seized upon every soul. The court party stupidly rejoiced at being revenged. But for one heroic enemy, disarmed and repentant, whom they had immolated, they made thousands of new enemies amongst those who looked for an act of clemency called for by so many services rendered to the country, and so much fame acquired for France. A feeling more dangerous than anger, because it is more durable, smouldered in the hearts of impartial youth, of an outraged army, and of a grateful people. This was disgust for the pusillanimity of that Court which had never fought, and which allowed to be shed in its cause such popular and glorious blood, as a libation to the foreigner, on a soil still trampled under the feet of our enemies.

So Ney was left to die. His fault was great, but he might have been pardoned. The Court was cruel, the King weak, the ministers complaisant, the Chamber of Deputies implacable, Europe goading, the Chamber of Peers cowardly as a senate in the fallen days of Rome. Let each of these bear a part in the murder of the hero, France disclaims the deed.

Varieties.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The picture seers who are to be seen in the early morning, catalogue and pencil in hand, combine every variety of the genus connoisseur. These are the ladies and gentlemen who go through the catalogue conscientiously as if it were a task, ticking off room after room with business-like precision. Their visit assumes an importance in their eyes, which those to whom variety of recreation is a thing of course would have difficulty in realising; and the well-thumbed, carefully-studied catalogue will be a loved book of reference throughout the year. Up to ten A.M. the rooms receive many men among their early morning visitors; the government offices, the lawyers' chambers, the merchants' counting-houses, each furnishing a goodly contingent of picture lovers who have breakfasted earlier than usual for the sake of visiting the exhibition "before business hours, and when it is less likely to be crowded," and have thus succeeded in crowding it very thoroughly. From ten to eleven the feminine element predominates; and from eleven onwards there is the old block, with the old types, and the old "bits of character." The young ladies who, because they have pasty complexions, and auburn, not to say fiery red locks, think it pretty to make up after the worst and most exaggerated of the Pre-Raphaelite portraits, and to so look like rejected pictures endowed with powers of locomotion, are happily on the decrease. Vanity takes a less repulsive form; and a modification or exaggeration of the "Alexandra limp," or "the Grecian bend" appears to satisfy most of the cravings for exceptional notice.—*Daily News*.

SMALL-POX.—The epidemic of small-pox which has raged in Paris naturally attracts much attention. The deaths for a time exceeded 200 each week. It has been ascertained that while the deaths were about one in three of cases where there had been no vaccination, the proportion was only one in twenty of fatal cases after vaccination. The type of the disease has been very virulent. It is estimated that in England above 50,000 lives were lost annually by small-pox, and in Europe above 500,000, before vaccination became general.

CAMBRIDGE BEDMAKERS.—The first drawback which any resident at Cambridge must feel very keenly, but especially an American, is the vested rights, privileges, perquisites, with which he is surrounded as in a perfect network. I have said everybody is left free to choose his own way of spending his time. So he is by his compeers, but not by his inferiors, not by those appointed to wait on him and help him. There is connected with an English college a perfect army of servants, marshalled in *corps d'armée*, divisions, regiments, and battalions, and all with an amount of vested rights enough to stifle one with the bare enumeration. In the first place, there are the bedmakers; nominally, there is one assigned to every eight rooms, and she has one assistant under her. Practically, a person once appointed to this seriously lucrative and responsible place never gives it up, although utterly superannuated, toothless, and tottering. Accordingly her one assistant will grow into two, and the two will have three or four extra miscellaneous ones generally floating round, to do everything that their chiefs are too lazy to do themselves. On my own staircase, the bedmaker in chief, a hearty young woman of thirty-five or six, employed her old father, at least seventy-seven or eight years old, to do all her hardest work, in the way of drawing water, etc. Now, these good ladies are much more in possession of your premises than you are yourself. They have a key to get into your room at all hours, even when, as in some cases of peculiar locks, the regular custodian has not. According to their taste or fancy they are more or less on the staircase; but, generally, you are sure to see them from early dawn to noon, from four till six, and a good bit in the later evening. They constitute themselves inspectresses-general over all your belongings and arrangements, and know all about you much better than you do yourself. You are hopelessly in their power, and have your choice of submitting quietly to their ultra-despotic rule, or of carrying on a constant warfare. In this you have only one advantage, a superior command of language, for the population of Cambridge is very slow of speech, and wholly uninventive. But as they have the whole charge of everything, as their places are very valuable, and they are exceedingly ready to perform extra services for extra pay, they can make you very comfortable or uncomfortable if they will. For instance, they attend to setting out the breakfast and tea in your rooms. For this they order from the butteries every day about twice as much bread and butter as a man wants, and at the end of the day all that is left goes to them, by immemorial custom, as perquisites. And any meats left from a dinner,

breakfast, etc., unless specially mentioned by you, go to them as perquisites; and so on. You not only are charged a handsome sum in your bill for their care of rooms, but another separate charge for their beer money; and over and above all this, every undergraduate, not professedly a beneficiary, is expected to pay a good sum more at the end of every term as a pure gratuity. They form an immense body, several score, all banded together by common interest, grown old in the college, and handing down their power and property to their nieces and daughters, so that they come, no doubt, to regard it as a perfect family mansion, and hold the undergraduates, and fellows too, completely in subjection. Their honesty is quite above suspicion—in some cases.—*On the Cam*, by W. Everett, M.A.

GREEK BRIGANDAGE.—Hobart Pasha, Admiral of the Imperial Ottoman navy, gives a simple account of the manufacture of brigands, from his own observation: "During the time I was commanding the Turkish fleet off Syria, taking care of the famed Enosis and her companions, a Turkish line-of-battle ship arrived, having on board the celebrated Spartan chief Petropoulaki and his band, who, having given themselves up in Crete, were sent away to be landed on Greek territory. As these people had been allowed to retain their arms, it became a serious question as to where they should be landed. The old chieftain told me that 600 of them were his own immediate followers, who, he said, had invaded Crete from purely patriotic motives. He told me also that there were with him about 700 more, who he would in no way own or be responsible for, as they were mostly liberated from the galleys and elsewhere in Greece. I believe it was proposed that they should return to gaol, but the patriots did not seem to appreciate the idea. The end of this was that a Greek man-of-war took them away, and, I believe, distributed them in different parts of the kingdom, thus forming the nucleus of well-trained and well-armed brigands all over Greece; thus we account for about 700 Greek brigands."

PROFESSOR MAURY ON THE GULF STREAM.—Professor Maury recently delivered a lecture in New York on the Gulf Stream, which shows that he does not share the scepticism which has arisen concerning it. He declares that it is in volume nearly equal to the great equatorial current itself, and 1,000 times larger than the Mississippi River; that it moves across the Atlantic on the track of a great circle of the earth, and in obedience to its diurnal rotation; that it unites with the waters of the Mississippi beyond the Bahamas. With touching enthusiasm he compared the Gulf Stream to the Milky Way, because its warmer water was sought by myriads of phosphorescent insects which make it sparkle and glow like a sea of fire.

PAGANINI.—At Brighton, 1831. Accompanied Masquerier to a concert, which afforded me really a great pleasure. I heard Paganini. Having scarcely any sensibility to music, I could not expect great enjoyment from any music, however fine; and after all, I felt more surprise at the performance than enjoyment. The professional men, I understand, universally think more highly of Paganini than the public do. He is really an object of wonder. His appearance announces something extraordinary. His figure and face amount to caricature. He is a tall slim figure, with limbs which remind one of a spider; his face very thin, his forehead broad, his eyes grey and piercing, with bushy eyebrows; his nose thin and long, his cheeks hollow, and his chin sharp and narrow. His face forms a sort of triangle. His hands the oddest imaginable, fingers of enormous length, and thumbs bending backwards. It is, perhaps, in a great measure from the length of finger and thumb that his fiddle is also a sort of lute. He came forward and played, from notes, his own compositions. Of the music, as such, I know nothing. The sounds were wonderful. He produced high notes very faint, which resembled the chirruping of birds, and then in an instant, with a startling change, rich and melodious notes, approaching those of the bass viol. It was difficult to believe that this great variety of sounds proceeded from one instrument. The effect was heightened by his extravagant gesticulation and whimsical attitudes. He sometimes played with his fingers, as on a harp, and sometimes struck the cords with his bow, as if it were a drum-stick, sometimes sticking his elbow into his chest, and sometimes flourishing his bow. Oftentimes the sounds were sharp, like those of musical glasses, and only now and then really delicious to my vulgar ear, which is gratified merely by the flute and other melodious instruments, and has little sense of harmony.—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*.

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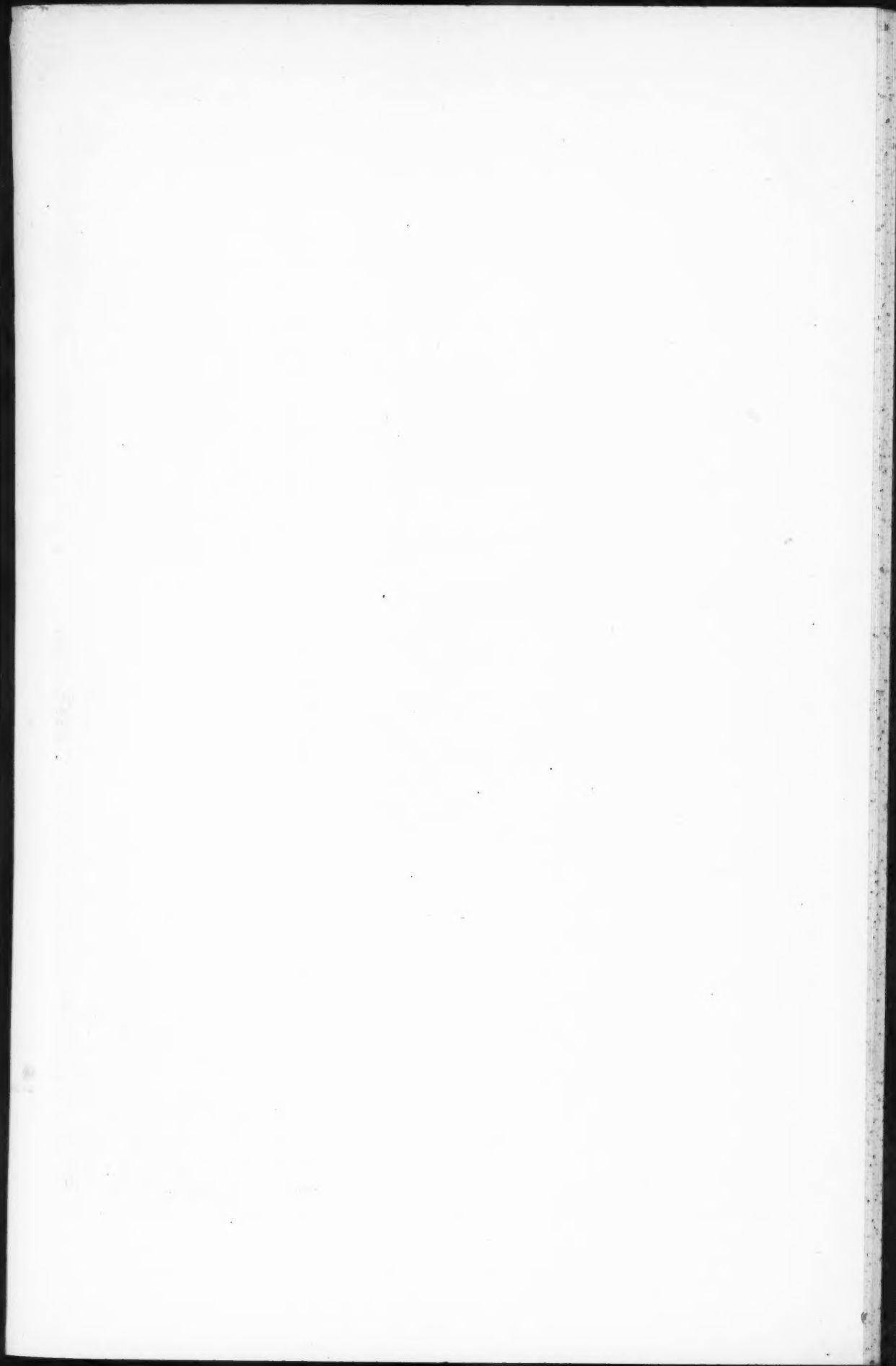
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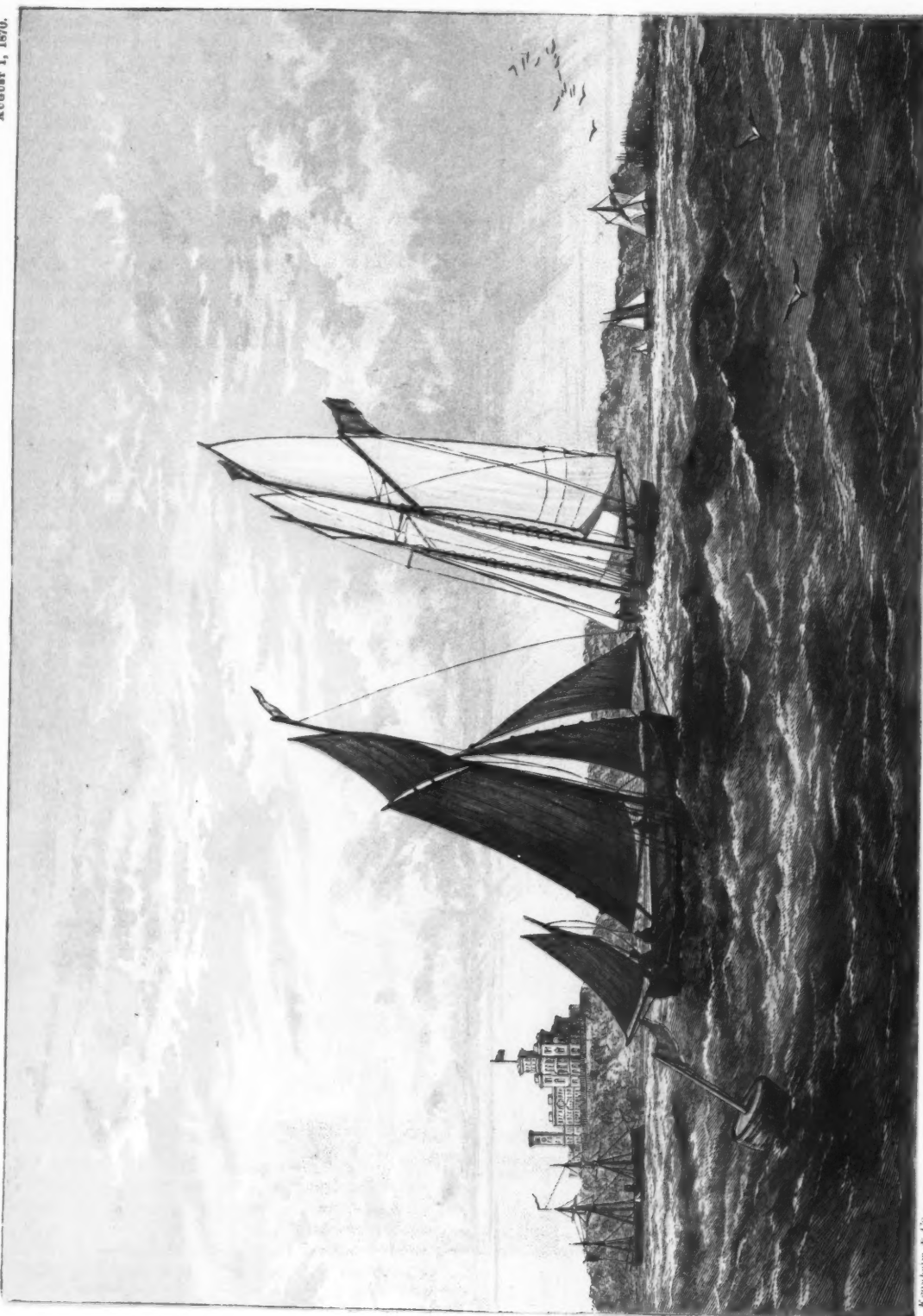
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